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WHOLE UNITED NO. 77.

LITERARY.

We hope that "A. A." will continue a correspondence which has already afforded us much pleasure. We shall always bid her a cordial welcome.—*Ed.*

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

SIR,

Permit one word more upon a subject which I will allow has been exhausted.—I refer to an essay which appeared in the third number of the *Gazette*, entitled "Courtship and Marriage." My remarks shall be confined to a part of the article to which I allude; in the rest I join most heartily. From the system of "surveillance" not one good consequence can be expected, and it is almost impossible to calculate the extent of the evils which it engenders.—I would only plead that the sex do not deserve such general condemnation.—It is weak woman who is fickle;—It is vain woman who is trifling;—It is base woman who is deceitful. But woman in her own natural character is none of these.—Is her heart an "unfathomable pit;"—Is she all "artifice and deception?"—The first may be so; man must best know how woman's heart is read by man, yet it may be that it is not always deceit on her part which makes her character an enigma: she is a being of strong, deep, unutterable feelings; from what affections particular actions arise, is often doubtful, for when feelings are strong, as man, if he has read his own heart and studied his own actions, well knows, the results are often various and enigmatical.

I would be understood to speak of those portions of my sex whose manners have been polished by an intercourse with refined society.—Nor would I be supposed to defend all even of these.—There are to be found the weak, the vain, the base of womankind among these. But it is the general character of the sex which I would wish to redeem from undeserved obloquy. Woman was formed to be the domestic companion of man, formed to soothe him with her kindness when his feelings are wounded, or his spirits exhausted by ming-

ling in the crowd, from which she is happily shut out;—formed to love him with a devotion which may repay him for the fatigue which he necessarily endures, for vexations which he inevitably meets;—formed to receive all his troubles in her faithful bosom, with an affection which glows most brightly and fervently while his love feeds it, but which still lives on even through his indifference. Such is the design of woman, nor does she always disappoint the purpose of her creator. I have been drawing no imaginary character, I have been depicting no ideal excellence; it is the character of woman such as I have known her, a faithful account of actions such as I have seen.

Regret, not vanity, has prompted these remarks; Regret, that all women should appear to any one so inherently bad; Regret, that while virtue still lives in female hearts, any man should be so unfortunate in his intercourse with our sex.

A. A.

THE WEARY SOLDIER AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION.

He who travels in lonely meditation of the past, and in dejection for the future, whose chequered scene has borne diverse disappointments, and whose to-morrow promises only a continuation of suffering; to the solitary who traverses the sterile desert, or wounds his weary feet on the craggy rock; to him who ascends the precipice with a long way before him; to the pauper, the disbanded soldier, and to the wandering stranger, what a solace is the faithful, obedient, patient, fond and trusty dog! his company cheers, his vigilance protects, his faint and sleeping master; his eyes glistening with gratitude tell deserted man that he has still one friend. I have more than once had to mention this animal in my sketches of life; the present brief account, however, will I trust not prove wholly uninteresting, as it tends to inspire the breast with a kindness towards those creatures which an all-wise Providence has, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, created for man's use and amusement; and surely that poor docile brute who defends his master, shares his vicissitudes, watches his slumbers, and gratefully partakes of his pittance, cannot be below the notice even of the lords of the creation.

Travelling on foot through Flanders, I burst on a sudden (at the sharp turn of a by-road) on a fierce-looking ragged soldier; he had huge mustaches, a brow furrowed by care and hardships, but not by time, a small fiery eye, a short athletic form, autumnal tints marked the colour of his spare hair, and the ruddy hue of nature seemed to have fled from his cheek, for want of the cultivating hand of comfort; a half filled knapsack lay by his side, and a staff, with which he walked; he was unarmed, or he would have been a most alarming object; his worn out shoes were thrown off to a small distance from him, and he seemed to be easing his blistered feet on nature's carpet.

"Charg'd, as he was with grief, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his face by hardships, not by years;
In his own country forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves for whom he oft had bled;
Forgot of all his own domestic band,
His faithful dog remained, his only friend."

I will not conceal from my reader, that alone, and without any weapon of defence, and in a most unfrequented travelling situation, I was not wholly free from all apprehension; but summoning up my presence of mind, I gave a loud clearing of my voice, and exclaimed in French, "well betide thee, brother traveller."—"Serrieur, monsieur," hoarsely responded the discharged soldier, whilst his dog advanced boldly, more to reconnoitre than to attack me, and rather to throw me to a distance from the humble seat of his master's repose, than to annoy or interrupt me in my journey. There was a sort of generalship in the dog's manœuvre, and even his bark was more of a signal of precaution, than the first commencement of hostilities.

I lengthened, without quickening my pace, and was not ill pleased to gain ground by this progression; I should have liked to have taken out my purse and to have divided it with the broken veteran; I have since regretted that I did not do so, I am convinced that I might have done it with safety, but I was under another impression at the time. Casting my head slightly inclined over my shoulder, when at a little distance, I beheld the poor dog licking his master's feet, on which the latter, pulling a bit of black bread out of his pocket, put it to his hungry lips, but withdrawing it, as on reflection, threw it to the mute comrade of his misfortunes; here I felt a swell about my breast which I abstain from expressing; I still kept my eye upon the two objects, the soldier rose stiffly, cast his knapsack to the dog to carry, and crying out, "*allons Dragon, encore une*

fois en route," he plunged into the forest, in order to gain the border of a lake where there is a ferry-boat.

The words of the poor soldier reverberated again and again on my ear; the emphasis said on *encore* (again, or rather *one more*;) after so many thorny paths, gloomy prospects, and hard travels, heightened the interest of the phrase.—With the picture of the veteran and his dog I lay down to rest, and with "*adieu Dragon, encore une route*," I rose gravely and in low spirits the ensuing morning, feeling myself completely*

A WANDERING HERMIT.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE SORCERERS.

A LEGEND.

In those regions in which, when the snow has dissolved upon the Carpathian Mountains, where, after heavy showers, rapid torrents rush down into the valleys, and the swollen Vistula suddenly overflows its banks, there stood upon a height, which commanded the whole country, a stately castle (built in the times of the Jagellons) which, together with the surrounding territory, belonged to the Vayvod Zochanowski. This prince had, at various periods, served his country by his influence at the Diet, and he had rendered her even greater service, by the valor which distinguished his arms, in protecting her against the inroads of the Turks and Tartars. He had now retired, with his beautiful and accomplished lady, to a favourite country domain he inherited from his forefathers.—That tranquillity and contentment however, which he promised himself, in this retreat from the cabals of court, were clouded by the death of his children.—Antonia was the only surviving child of nine boys and girls. Her lovely features, and personal charms, combined with a lively imagination, increased the love her parents naturally bore her; whilst, at the same time, they created painful apprehensions, that, from the delicate state of her health, and her tender frame, she might shortly share the fate of their departed children. The amiable parents might therefore look for some allowance, if the excessive indulgence they showed her, somewhat spoilt her, as they granted her

* A generous animal of the canine race, which had faithfully followed his master (a brave officer, of whose friendship I shall ever feel proud,) through many a glorious campaign, and which was wounded in the gory field of Waterloo by a musket-shot, by the side of his old companion the captain's charger, came by his death in the defence of his master, who was attacked by a mad dog; the poor canine veteran slew his foe, but he was obliged to be shot, in consequence of the wounds which he received in the conflict; could the affection and courage of man go further? Oh, no! the thing is impossible; to be ready for every proof of attachment, to be *a la vie, a la mort*, always the same would do honour to a being possessed of reason; still are these properties existing, where instinct supplies its place.

inconsiderately every wish which her puerile fancy suggested to her. Antonia never knew what contradiction was; it it consequently became irksome to her; every youthful error she committed was ascribed to her lively character, and was the more readily excused; nay, even her goodness of heart was highly extolled, when she required her companions for the severity and ill treatment she had shown towards them in the ebullitions of her anger.

The pious Damasus was the only person who considered this rash indulgence in another point of view, and was bold enough, particularly in the confessional, to give his advice upon it. But whenever the parents, who wished to bring up their child for the inheritance of heaven, were made to reflect upon their injudicious conduct by the exhortations of the confessor, all the good they had effected, was again frustrated by the flattery of the courtiers who surrounded them, and who extolled Antonia's merits, even in her presence, that, instead of coming to any fixed resolution, to counteract the evils of her education, they only ridiculed the old monk, for the troubles which his scruples of conscience gave him. Nay, when the latter was one day speaking earnestly upon the subject, the sister of the Vayvod's lady, who was *dame d'honneur* at the court of Warsaw, and was at this period upon a visit to the castle, answered him in a petulant manner:

"Make yourself happy, venerable father! what signifies it that Antonia suffers a little purgatory in the other world, so that she passes her time gay and merrily in this?"

The anxious countenance however, which Damasus turned towards heaven, was not observed in the general laugh which this occasioned. Agreeably with the advice of Mary (the Vayvod's sister-in-law) a Parisian lady was written to, through a mercantile house at Warsaw, to repair to the castle, in order to finish Antonia's education. Elegance of manners, a graceful deportment, with the facility in the French language, which she soon acquired, only served to increase Antonia's vanity by the unqualified encomiums which were bestowed upon her.

The parents, at the first sight of Demoiselle Marie, were by no means prepossessed by her personal appearance, which exhibited a picked chin, a crooked nose, a toothless mouth, cat-like eyes, black bushy hair, and a certain yellowish brown complexion, which mark the old French women. But, observing the improvement which their daughter made under her superintendence, they began to consider her in the light of a benefactress and friend; and her influence over them daily increased. The indifference towards all the duties of religion, which at first surprised them in Marie, was now overlooked. They first ridiculed the old shivering Damasus; then brought the

priesthood into contempt, and, finally, proceeded to mock even religion itself. Marie interceded, that the court Jew, Ezekiel, who had been turned away, from having been convicted of various frauds and all kinds of scandalous practices might be once more received into favour. The Jew, was therefore allowed to make his re-appearance at the castle, and he came with fresh articles of dress every day, which were immediately purchased for Antonia. The vain young lady was provided with sumptuous apparel, without regard to economy, as she never expressed a wish for any thing that was not immediately granted her. She disdained to associate with any of her juvenile friends and playmates, who had once shared her confidence; and the latter were probably as anxious to abandon her society that they might no longer be exposed to her caprices and ill humor.

Agnes alone, whose father was a country gentleman of very small fortune, renting his farm from the Vayvod, faithfully adhered to her young friend. She was only two years older than Antonia, although she assisted her mother in carrying on her household affairs, on which account her parents declined the offer made to them by the Vayvod to have Agnes educated at the same time with Antonia, representing to him, "that a poor girl, whose fortune depended entirely upon her industry and good behaviour, did not require such an education as would fit her only for the society of the opulent and persons of quality, and which, for that reason, would fill their daughter with lofty ideas and expectations, incompatible with her fortune."—They adhered to this decision; although the Vayvod frequently pressed the offer at the instigation of Marie, who disappointed at not gaining Agnes over to her purposes, viewed her only with supercilious contempt. Marie found means to assure the parents of Antonia, that the rustic and uncultivated manners of Agnes would be prejudicial to their daughter's education, and thus endeavored to break off the intercourse between the two young girls, whose early habits had closely attached them to each other. The ridicule passed upon Agnes, who bent her knee as often as she went by a crucifix, or a picture of the Virgin Mary, the contempt which her simple attire, for the most part of the work of her own hands, excited, her blushes and bashfulness represented as awkwardness, gradually lessened the warmth of attachment towards the friend of her early youth. Agnes and her parents perceiving the change wrought upon Antonia's mind by Marie's address, modestly withdrew; and Agnes henceforward presented herself only on birth-days and other anniversaries, either to express her humble congratulations or to offer some trifling present to Antonia.

It happened on one of these mornings, that she came when Antonia was at her

toilet, at which two waiting maids, under Marie's superintendence, were busied about her person. Antonia exchanged a few friendly words with Agnes, whilst her hair was arranging and adorning with costly jewels; when, suddenly turning to the glass, to which, in her conversation with Agnes, she paid no attention, her cheeks began to flash with anger, and she exclaimed: "Hey! what stupidity!" addressing herself to her waiting women, "how ugly I look! you stupid creatures!" One of the poor girls endeavoured to exculpate herself, when Antonia, in a rage, threw the glass at her head; the poor girl was severely hurt by the breaking of the glass, and some drops of blood ran down her cheeks. Agnes trembled with fear: Antonia too seemed to repent of what she had done, but upon Marie calling out to her in the French language, that the greatest fault a person of quality could commit was to acknowledge herself in an error, she ordered the girl, in an angry voice, to go on with dressing her, but if she committed any other mistake, she should be punished more severely.

Agnes, shocked at Antonia's intemperate conduct, looked out of the window without uttering a word; and, as soon as the toilet was finished, and that Marie and the maids had retired, Antonia came up to her, and observing a tear in her eye, asked Agnes what was the matter with her?—"Oh my dear lady," said she, "I am praying for you." Antonia felt some emotion, but Marie's quick return prevented the favourable impression having any effect; and Marie now endeavoured the more to keep Agnes out of Antonia's company.

Antonia had now completed her thirteenth year. Her beauty, together with the hope of becoming the possessor with her hand, of her father's splendid estates, attracted the first young noblemen of the country to the Vayvod's castle, when one festivity was followed rapidly by another. Antonia, the heroine of all these fetes, thought of nothing but entertainments and of herself, when she was taken ill; and, during the many cheerless nights which the pain she endured occasioned her, she recalled to her recollection how Agnes had sat by her bedside in similar circumstances when they were children together, and, by the tender anxiety she evinced for her, afforded her every alleviation of her sufferings. Antonia had no sooner made this known to the mother of Agnes, when she was ordered to the castle to take care of her sick friend. With a willing heart she undertook the task. It was not merely the recovery of her friend's health, but the care of her soul that engaged her attention. Upon her touching lightly, however, for the first time, upon the idea of death, Antonia trembled with fear. Agnes threw herself on her knees before the bed, bedewed her hands with tears, and conjured her to have regard for her soul. She then began to

pray; but Antonia assured her she was not in a state to accompany her in prayer, as the dread of death deprived her of the use of her intellectual faculties.

Agnes knew that Damasus was accustomed to leave his abode at sunrise, and go to prayers in the chapel of the castle.—She went to him and found him kneeling before the altar, at which Agnes also fell down, and prayed for Antonia. Damasus, as he rose up, observed her. Agnes explained to him the motive that had brought her in search of him. The venerable old man highly commended her, promised forthwith to say mass for Antonia, to implore the Holy Angel to come to her protection, and to visit Antonia himself.—Agnes begged of him to pay his visit early in the morning, before Marie, who would hear nothing of Antonia being reminded of death, could prevent their meeting. Agnes returned to her sick friend, prepared her for a visit from the venerable Damasus, who soon after tottered into the room, supporting himself upon his staff. The old man, who, from her earliest infancy, had participated in all her little sorrows, who had endeavoured to warm her heart for every thing that was holy, and to make her acquainted with God and the duties she owed him, failed not in the present instance, in producing a right impression. When he sat himself down at her sick bed-side, and spoke like an inspired person, of the probability of the approaching hour of death, of the goodness of the All-merciful, of the great hopes which were held out beyond the grave, of the joys of eternity; when his sanctified features and his eye became more animated, tears began to trickle down the cheeks of Antonia. She repented of her childish errors, and felt sufficient strength to pray. She begged the further assistance of the venerable father; and every sentiment of early friendship, of sisterly love for Agnes, again awakened in her breast. She ordered a picture of our Saviour on the cross to be taken down from an adjoining room, to be placed by her bed-side forbidding the astonished Marie to have it removed. The latter now loaded poor Agnes with the bitterest reproaches, telling her that she endeavoured only to increase Antonia's malady by holding before her the fear of death. But when the physician declared that Antonia's pulse had abated since the preceding day, and she never found herself more happy than when Damasus and Agnes were about her, Marie found herself compelled to yield, although her choked rage was depicted in every trait of her countenance.

As Antonia gradually grew better, entertainments were given to celebrate her recovery. Ezekiel made his appearance with fresh articles of apparel and jewellery: the surrounding gentry returned the festivities that had been given them; the time was filled up with music, dance and

pleasure; and the promises made to God and the holy angels were soon forgotten. The pious Damasus moreover, who had long been in a bad state of health, was found one morning lying dead in his room before a cross; and a young priest, who adapted his ideas entirely to the ton prevalent in the house, obtained his situation upon Marie's intercession. Every effort was now made to keep Agnes out of the way; and all the good impressions which had been made on the mind of Antonia, were soon obliterated. The good Agnes was deeply sensible of this. The expectation of being once with Antonia, in the presence of God and all that was holy, had taken such strong possession of her heart, that she seized every opportunity of bringing her back to the path of righteousness. At times, Antonia appeared somewhat irritable at this assiduity; but the sincere cordiality with which her friend treated her, the amiable language and manner she adopted towards her, brought her always back to her. Marie observed this with malignity. "My Lady," said she one day to Antonia, "since you are now grown up, I allow myself no further influence over you than you yourself grant me, but is this miserable Agnes, who is so greatly your inferior in talent, in understanding, and polite education, to become your tutress? She ought to know of herself that the daughter of a little country gentleman is not at all adapted to be the companion of the daughter of a Vayvod." Thus she poisoned the friendship of youth. The more Agnes observed the coolness with which she was treated by Antonia, the more she redoubled her efforts to regain possession of Antonia's heart by the most zealous attention, and giving her constant proofs of the warmth of her affection.—Marie considered this nothing more than troublesome impertinence; and instigated Antonia to make use of bitter words towards Agnes; until, finally, by evincing towards her the greatest indifference, she succeeded in lessening the close familiarity which had existed between these young friends.

Agnes had reared two little doves, as white as snow, and taught them to eat out of her hand. These, together with a rose tree, which she had taken care of in her own room for several months, and other flowers, she intended to present to Antonia on her birth-day. She set out early one morning with a superb nosegay and her two little doves, and again found Antonia at her toilet. She handed her the nosegay and the doves. "May every day of your your life," said she, "be productive of a fine flower for eternity, and may your spirit one day ascend in mildness, innocence, and purity, to the mansions of eternal peace." While she was laying the nosegay upon Antonia's dressing table, and placing the two little doves by the side of it, Marie cast a significant look at Anto-

nia, who, as she was reaching for a dressing pin, pushed from the table the nosegay, which was immediately seized by the lap-dog. "Oh!" said Antonia, as Agnes was about to take it away from him, "let the playful little animal have the nosegay, see how pleased he is with it, and how he pulls it about." Agnes stood as if petrified.

"Gertrude," said Marie to one of her chambermaids with a malicious sneer, "take these doves to the cook, to be killed and dressed."

"What?" said Agnes, stroking her doves, and casting an anxious look at Antonia.

"Well," said the latter what other purpose are they good for?"

"I did not bring my doves hither, to be killed," said Agnes.

"Oh then, take them back," said Antonia, "for they can be of no other use to me."

Agnes took up her doves, and left the room deeply affected. She heard Marie laughing and sneering at her upon the stairs, and resolved never more to appear at the castle.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. III.

London, Feb. —, 1826.

Though from my earliest youth I had been wont to consider Westminster Abbey as the noblest of all monastic edifices—the grandest of all ancient structures, and the very empire of the mighty dead, yet, when I entered this visible dwelling of the assembled spirits of the great that were, I felt a thrilling awe—an overwhelming rush of boundless glory, which it would be equally impossible to analyze or impart. The lofty stained windows—the vast grey arches towering in venerable grandeur—the gigantic pillars rising almost as far as the eye can throw the light of a worshipping spirit; the long, damp aisles, all paved with the sculptured tombstones of the dead; the ancient church with its rifted shrine, where fancy can behold the former inhabitants of these walls, fluttering around their now deserted altar, and vainly striving to rekindle the light of other days; the coloured sun-beams streaming from the painted windows of the roof and battlement; the tombs—the vaults—the effigies,—all conspire to fill the soul with emotions, alike sublime and undefinable. One feels the palpable presence of those mighty ones whose forms stand inviting the be-

holder to follow the path of glory and of honour; the marble brows breathe thought; the unexpressive eyes dilate and glow; the motionless arms are lifted, and the beings, whom for ages mankind have been accustomed to reverence, descend from their consecrated niches, and stand living before the eye. The warrior starts from his long slumbers, armed for the battle or tournament; the monk rises from his hard couch, and glides along the solemn aisles to his deserted and broken shrine; the poet wakes to life sublime again and seizes his long neglected lyre, whose strings have been gilded dust for ages; and the divine rouses his denouncing spirit again, for the defence of a faith which is no longer in danger. A multitude of feet are heard; a rushing as of a countless throng; they move along commingled—statesmen, orators, poets—the wise, the great of the earth; the blended voices of the past and the present arise, and the shadows of the mighty assemble in solemn conclave around the altar of a magnificent religion, whose rites there are none to administer!—Forgive this rhapsody! I felt far more than this among the monuments of the Abbey; I felt what no human language could ever impart to mortal ear. You may, perhaps, wish to know the situation of the various monuments in the poet's corner, and here they follow; entering by the eastern door, or, what was once, the postern of the Abbey, the first monument on the south wall is Ben Jonson's; immediately opposite to that on the same side is Butler's—(Sir Hudibras;) below Butler's is Spencer's, the holy father of English poetry; then follow Milton, and Mason, and Gray; on the east wall, Dryden and C wley; then, turning an angle of the wall, you behold the effigies of Shakspeare, Thomson, Rowe, Gay, Goldsmith, the Duke of Argyle, Addison, Barrow, &c. in succession as they stand here. There is but little propriety in their order; the most unequal and dissimilar spirits are stationed side by side. The monuments of Argyle and Addison, are very beautiful. Beyond are the great divines, South, Tillotson, &c. and beyond them, in the western aisle, along the ruined church, lie armed knights, and sandalled friars in still and solemn rest. Farther on, among the uninteresting monuments of modern vanity, I noticed the tomb of Major Andre, the unfortunate victim of Ar-

nold—the sacrifice of Tappan; whose ashes were sent over here by Buchanan, the British Consul; his very handsome monument has suffered from barbarous mutilation. My health would not allow me to continue long in the chilly atmosphere of the Abbey; consequently I was unable to copy some beautiful Latin epitaphs which I had not seen before, and which, I have no doubt, would have been very acceptable to you—as a fine epitaph is a rare thing. One, however, on the tomb of some dignitary of the church, I well remember; "*Eram—Ero!*" could Spartan Leonidas surpass this? I did not perceive where Johnson and Pope, and some other scholars, whom I looked for, were laid; nor am I certain whether they are shrouded in immortality in the Abbey. I could ask no questions in such a place; my voice would have sounded like blasphemy here.—As for Massinger—the silver-tongued—the unfortunate! he lies in Southwark churchyard—and all that can be decyphered on his tombstone is Ph---p Massi-ger! I longed to tear down Mason and Gay, and build him a monument among his noble peers. Ford and Decker, and many other choice spirits of that age have no worthier dwelling place; but they will not—they cannot, be forgotten while poetry survives.

I must make an abrupt transit from the dead to the living, and briefly say that I have seen Campbell, Bowring, Joanna Baillie, and many other less celebrated characters;—Howard Payne is in Paris—on account of recent events not being in high repute here; Washington Irving is in Bordeaux; consequently, I have seen neither. Campbell is a very ordinary looking man, though very polite and courteous. You would suppose from his appearance that he never wrote a line of poetry in his life; indeed, I should be rather disposed to conclude that his handsome and intelligent wife was the author of his popular poems. He is about fifty years of age—middle size, dark complexion, sunken eyes, and low forehead—that is, as far as I could see, for he wears a wig which conceals his brow. His manner of speaking is slow and hesitating; his words unimpressive; his address pleasing. But on the whole, I was much disappointed with my interview, for I had supposed that the author of "Gertrude" was a very

different person. Mr. John Bowring, the author of "Matins and Vespers," the translator of poems from the Russian and Dutch, the editor of the Westminster Review, and the person who was thrown without trial, into a French dungeon, about five years since, and liberated by the power of Mr. Canning, is a man of very fine appearance. I dined with him about a week since, together with a large company, among whom was Mr. J. S. Buckingham, late editor of the Oriental Herald, in India, who, being driven from that country by tyrannical power, has produced a great commotion among the monopolist E. I. Company; he, too, is a tall, fine looking person. The countenance of Mr. Bowring, is very expressive—his brow pale and lofty—his conversation interesting. His manners are courteous, and his knowledge very extensive. Having travelled all over Europe, he speaks every language in it with fluency. He conducts the Westminster Review, with much ability; and he is, I think, the finest looking and most interesting gentleman whom I have seen in England. Miss Baillie, with whom I breakfasted yesterday, is a very intelligent lady, about fifty-five years of age. She is well acquainted with almost all the literary characters of the age, and on terms of intimacy with Lady Byron. Through her I shall be introduced to Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Sotheby, Coleridge, and other poets whom I wish to see. Miss Baillie's conversation is remarkably good, though it has neither tragedy nor blank verse in it. Her curiosity on the subject of America, and especially the Indian tribes, was very great, and during the two pleasant hours which I spent with her, she asked fully as many questions relative to our country, as I felt myself competent to answer. Except occasionally in the English newspapers, and among the lowest orders, I do not find any disposition to revile our character, and institutions; but, on the other hand, much good-will and fellowship of feeling. Mr. Neal, who, after much trouble and sorrow, is happily domesticated with Jeremy Bentham, has really and truly done much service to his country. It is not fair to judge him by those articles in Blackwood's; his treatment in America was cruel and abominable, and he felt himself authorised, perhaps, to retaliate. But he has otherwise done much to remove prejudices, and

allay bickerings between the two countries—as I can testify. His Brother Jonathan has met with great success; there has been no disposition to ridicule the manners which it portrays. Several times when slanderous newspapers have attacked America, Neal has exposed their falsehoods, without mercy. I hope that the foolish war, which has been so long carried on against him, will cease ere long; he is an American who has done and will do much good to the cause of his country, if not provoked beyond his reason. Mr. J. W. Simmons, whom you have heard of perhaps, is living here in great misery—and all by his own fault.—But I must close this letter; a thousand things, deserving description, I have not even noticed; but I shall defer them till I write again. Meantime, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your obed't friend,

S. LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

To J. G. Brooks, Esq.

POETRY.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

To the memory of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer Bleeker, Esq. of Albany.

Already with the dead!

Already pale decay

Her couch for thee hath spread,
Her couch of sullen clay.

Too soon doth sorrow weep

O'er thy untimely doom—

Too early dost thou sleep
The slumber of the tomb.

Strange and mysterious fate!

The coward and the knave,

The vile, the false, the worthless, late
Are gathered to the grave;

While the true-hearted lie

Early in death's dark lair,

Cut down ere time hath dimmed the eye,
Or age hath blanched the hair!

Therefore I grieve that thou

So early didst depart,

For candour shone upon thy brow,
And honour did enrich thy heart.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

THE LAMP OF THE SEA!

BY IANTHIS.

The beacon is trim—the lights are all up—

And are shining on with glee;

Like the camp of the distant will o' the' wisp,
Or a star in the midst of the sea!

Then away o'er the surge, my little barque,
To the home where love lies waking;
While the winds and waves can fleetly waft,—
Ere the storm of the night is breaking.

The moon in the clouds of the distant sky,
Lies wrapt in a garb of gloom—
Like the shade of a dark and guilty man
Springing up from the dust of the tomb!

There the infant heir of the tempest reigas
With the lightning in his hands—
And the sons of the thunder worship him,
With the notes of their pealing bands!

Then speed thee—oh speed thee, my little barque,
Ere the storm is sweeping near;
That I may bask in the light of my home,
And the arms of my weeping dear!

That lamp of the ocean is shining on,
Like a floating throne of light,
When the spirit of hope sits smilingly
Thro' the tempest of many a night!

Then speed thee, oh speed thee, my little barque,
While the wind blows fresh and fair—
And the eye of the sea-star guideth us,
From the grasp and the blight of despair!

The beacon is past, and the shore is trod—
And the home of my heart is won!
I sink in the arms of my only love,
While the lamp of the sea shineth on.

FROM LORD BYRON'S "HEAVEN AND EARTH."

CHORUS OF MORTALS.

'Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!

What wilt thou leave us all—*all*—*all* behind?

While safe amidst the elemental strife,

Thou sit'st within thy guarded ark?

A Mother (offering her infant to JAPHET.) Oh!

let this child embark!

I brought him forth in wo,

But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.

Why was he born?

What hath he done—

My unwean'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?

What is there in this milk of mine, that Death

Should stir all heaven and earth up to destroy

My boy,

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?

The loathsome waters in their rage!

And with their roar make wholesome Nature dumb!

The forest's trees (coeval with the hour

When Paradise upsprung,

Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her dower,

Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung.)

So massy, vast, yet green in their old age,

Are overtopped,

Their summer blossoms by the surges lopt,

Which rise, and rise, and rise.

Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—

They meet the seas,

And shut out God from our beseeching eyes.

Woman. Oh, save me, save!

Our valley is no more:

My father and my father's tent,

My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant meads that o'er our noonday bent

And sent forth evening songs from sweetest birds,

The little rivulet which freshen'd all

Our pastures green,

No more are to be seen.

When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this morn,

I turn'd to bless the spot,

And not a leaf appear'd about to fall:—

And now they are not !
 Why was I born ?
Japh. To die ! in youth to die ;
 And happier in that doom,
 Than to behold the universal tomb
 Which I
 Am thus condemn'd to weep above in vain."

SONG FOR MAY.

FROM MR. THOMAS ROSCOE'S TRANSLATION OF
 SISMONDI'S LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF
 EUROPE.

May, sweet May, again is come ;
 May, that frees the land from gloom :
 Children, children, up and see
 All her stores of jollity !
 O'er the laughing hedgerows' side
 She hath spread her treasures wide ;
 She is in the greenwood shade,
 Where the nightingale hath made
 Every branch and every tree
 Ring with her sweet melody ;
 Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
 Youth, rejoice in sportive measures ;
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

Up, then children, we will go
 Where the blooming roses grow,
 In a joyful company
 We the bursting flowers will see ;
 Up ! your festal dress prepare !
 Where gay hearts are meeting, there
 May hath pleasures most inviting,
 Heart, and sight, and ear delighting ;
 Listen to the bird's sweet song,
 Hark ! how soft it floats along !
 Courtly dames our pleasures share,
 Never saw I May so fair ;
 Therefore, dancing will we go ;
 Youths rejoice, the flowrets blow ;
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

Our manly youths,—where are they now ?
 Bid them up, and with us go
 To the sporters on the plain ;
 Bid adieu to care and pain,
 Now, thou pale and wounded lover !
 Thou thy peace shall soon recover :
 Many a laughing lip and eye
 Speaks the light heart's gaiety.
 Lovely flowers around we find,
 In the smiling verdure twined,
 Richly steep'd, in May dews glowing ;
 Youths ! rejoice, the flowers are blowing ;
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

Oh, if to my love restored,
 Her, o'er all her sex adored,
 What supreme delight were mine !
 How would Care her sway resign !
 Merrily, in the bloom of May,
 I would weave a garland gay ;
 Better than the best is she,
 Purer than all purity !
 For her spotless self alone,
 I will sing this changeless one ;
 Thankful or unthankful, she
 Shall my song, my idol, be.
 Youths, then, join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

ANACREONTIC.

DRINKING SONG, BY CAPT. MORRIS, AN ENGLISH
 GENTLEMAN.

I'm often asked, by plodding souls,
 And men of sober tongue,
 What joy I find in draining bowls,
 And tipping all night long ?
 Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
 For once I'll not disclaim
 To tell them why I drink till morn,
 And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumpers give
 Life's picture's mellow made,
 The fading lights then brighter live,
 And softer sinks the shade ;
 Some happier tint still rises there,
 With every drop I drain,
 And that I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
 And many a lass grown old,
 And, as the lesson strikes my head,
 My weary heart grows cold
 But Wine, awhile holds off Despair,
 Nay, bids a Hope remain,
 And that I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
 No frolic flights will take,
 But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
 Like swallows round a lake,
 Since then the nymph must have her share,
 Before she'll bless her swain,
 Why that, I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

In life, I've rung all changes through,
 Run every pleasure down,
 Tried all extremes of Fancy too,
 And lived with half the town,
 For me there is nothing new or rare,
 Till wine deceive my brain,
 And that I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

Then don't we find love's fetters too
 With different folds entwine ?
 While nought but Death can some undo,
 There's some give way to wine,
 For me, the lighter head I wear,
 The lighter hangs the chain ;
 And that I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

Though vexed and hipped at England's fate
 In these degenerate days,
 I can't endure the ruined state
 My sober eye surveys ;
 But through the bottle's dazzling glare
 The gloom is seen less plain,
 And that, I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
 At what I most repine :
 The cursed war, or right or wrong,
 Is war against all wine.
 Nay, Port they say, will soon be rare,
 As juice of France or Spain,
 And that, I think's a reason fair
 To fill my glass again.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 29, 1826.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,
 AND HIS WORKS.

NO. VIII.

STEPHEN CALVERT.—Like "Carwin, the Biloquist," this is a fragment, fraught with stirring and exciting incidents, and breaking off just at the moment when the reader's interest has attained a very great height.

We are introduced to Stephen Calvert, on the banks of Lake Michigan. He is a recluse, careful to avoid society and in-

tercourse with his fellow men. He has mingled in the world, and found its temptations, its calamities, and its trials, dangerous to his safety, and subversive of his happiness. He has therefore made the wide wilderness his barrier against mankind, and has chosen the solitude of the lake, and the companionship of his own heart, as his preservatives from crime, from remorse, and from sorrow. This is what the world terms *misanthropy*, and *misanthropy* is a crime which the world visits with little mercy. Yet, if we are not much mistaken, it is a feeling to which the noblest, the purest, and the most honourable hearts are very prone. Society, at the best, is faithless and deceitful, and the ingenuous, the upright and the single-minded, are the dupes and often the victims of the cunning and the base-hearted. Our ingenious countryman, who is now lecturing on the *hollowness* of the world, *materially*, might draw an additional argument, analogically, in favour of his theory, from the world's *moral* hollowness. It is the discovery of this worthlessness which sometimes metamorphoses the kind, the benevolent, and the generous heart, into the cold and hard marble of *misanthropy* :—it was the bitterness of feeling arising from this knowledge, which prompted the royal minstrel to exclaim with such pathos and melancholy "Oh ! that I had wings like a dove ! for then, would I fly away and be at rest : lo ! then would I wander far off and remain in the *wilderness* !"

Stephen Calvert flees from mankind to the borders of the wide and solitary Michigan ; he seeks "pleasures in the pathless woods," and enjoyment in the murmurs of the lonely billows. In order to justify his desertion from society, we are made acquainted with the strange and calamitous history of his life, up to an important period, when the narrative abruptly closes. It is a series of highly wrought scenes, and we cannot do better than give one or two specimens. We quote first from the love scene between Calvert and Clelia Neville, the heroine.

"I was studious to describe myself as one standing, in a considerable degree, alone ; as having few or no connexions in my present situation ; as having lately arrived ; and as being merely a sojourner and guest in the city where I dwelt. I endeavoured, particularly, to inspire the be-

lief that my hand and my heart were unappropriated by any foreign or previous engagement; and my manners tended to evince a state of mind, if not actually enamoured of herself, yet unfortified against, and liable to such impressions.

One motive of curiosity, in relation to herself, was weakened by her manners.—It was obvious to suspect or imagine obstacles to the success of my views, arising from her former or actual situation. This suspicion was quickly removed by a kindness in her manners, that approached, at certain seasons, to tenderness; by glowing hues and downcast eyes, when certain topics were discussed, and certain situations experienced; by a yielding sensibility, which made tones and glances more eloquent and more expressive than any words.

On these occasions, intelligence between hearts is communicated long before the proffer and formal acceptance of vows; verbal confessions are, indeed, necessary to our happiness, but merely to dissipate that uncertainty created by the magnitude of the good which is sought. By augmenting our desire, it enhances our anxiety, impatience, and doubt.

To this crisis, however, which my impetuosity, continually brought near, my diffidence long deferred my actual arrival. Half a score times have I gone to her with a full resolution to explain my feelings; but the nearer I approached the eventful moment, the more significant and more nearly bordering on sincerity was the topic of our conversation; the more incommensurable, protracted, and conscious were the pauses of our general discourse; the more turbulent were my sensations, and the more invincible my incapacity to speak. There was, at those times, a physical obstruction to speech; my utterance was palsied, and, to articulate a syllable was no less impossible than to lift a millstone. To lay my hand on her's, though almost courted to do so, was no less impracticable. The will was strong, but its command over my muscles, whenever it arose, was annihilated.

It was impossible for things to remain long in this state. Feverish circulation, ardent musing, incessant watchfulness, and repeated disappointments, were rapidly injurious to my health. My vivacity in Clelia's presence, the earnestness of my discourse, was sensibly diminished. Her company was sought with more fondness than ever; but I grew despondent, museful, prone to silence—and inquietude was deeply written on my cheek.

These tokens did not escape her notice. They were not fully understood by her, but they added new pathos to her features, and tenderness to her accents, and they finally produced those measures on her side, without which my silence would never have been broken.

The constitution of man is compounded

and modified with endless variety. The wisest and soberest of human beings is, in some respects, a madman; that is, he acts against his better reason; and his feet stand still, or go south, when every motive is busy in impelling him north. He cannot infer from his conduct, on one occasion, how he shall act when the same or a similar occasion hereafter occurs. It is vulgarly imagined, and perhaps truly, that the sexes are naturally distinguished by their conduct when under the influence of love; that nature has unalterably assigned to woman the passive or retreating, and to man the active province; that lovers, confident of their success, are bold, forward, more abundant, and impassioned, and impetuous in their rhetoric, than at any other time. This maxim was realised in my deportment to my cousin: there I was precipitate and bold; I hearkened to no scruples, and brooked no delays; but now, my feelings and demeanour were totally reversed. I was not doubtful of success. I believed that as much felicity would be imparted as received by my confessions, and yet was I dumb.

One evening, when seated in Miss Neville's drawing-room, the conversation had been carried on with less vivacity than usual. As the moment of parting approached, my inexplicable despondency increased. At length, just as I was preparing to leave my seat, and the last "good night" was ready to fall from my lips, my friend placed herself beside me, without formality, apology, or invitation. Hitherto she had given me no proof of equal familiarity. My blood flowed with new swiftness, and the flame that burnt at my heart, spread over my countenance a new crimson. She spoke, not without some faulting, but in a tone of exquisite tenderness.

"Stay a little longer. You must not go yet. You have first a small account to settle with me."

"Indeed!" said I, much alarmed and half suffocated with emotion.

"Be not frightened," resumed she with a smile; "it is true, you have offended; but I shall not be extremely rigid in exacting the penalty."

"Offence? Have I, indeed, offended you? Nothing was further from my purpose. The hand that injured you, I would cut off; the heart that fostered a single thought to your prejudice, I would tear from my bosom."

"Your hand has not offended me. It is your heart that has been criminal, and I take you at your word. Yet, you need not do violence to your heart, but only to the feelings which have so long been harboured in it. Put me in possession of these feelings. Lay them open before me, and drop, at length, that veil of odious and unfriendly secrecy which has shrouded all your sentiments and feelings. Think you I had not noticed your inquietudes? that

I have not shared in them? that I have not longed for an opportunity to lessen or remove them? Indeed you mistake. I have caught from you all your sadness, have mourned over your unknown misfortunes, but have more bitterly wept at seeing that you deem me unworthy of partaking of your sorrow. I have endured your silence and injustice long enough, and am now determined to wrest from you that confidence which is my due."

Is it not strange that even this address had no tendency but to make motion and utterance more difficult? After a pause, she resumed: "How have I deserved to be treated as your enemy? Has any thing been wanting to convince you how dearly I prize your happiness? What farther proof is needed? There is none which I will refuse."

Half dubious and reluctant, she now put her hand in mine, and continued: "you are an invincible man. You are cruel and unjust. You refuse to confide in me, and will not enable me to give that proof of my claim to your confidence which you think necessary. Whatever proof you demand, I will give. I will withhold nothing."

"Nothing."

"Nothing. What do you ask?"

"Your love."

"It is yours."

Of all moments in the life of a human individual, surely this is most pregnant with felicity. One like me, ardent with youth, inattentive to futurity, unchastised by reason, unsoubered by experience, it was calculated to bewilder and intoxicate. Those lips, whose sweetness and whose music had hitherto charmed me at a distance, were now near enough for the softest whisper to be heard. They were now opened only to enchant me with the oft repeated assurance, "It is yours: long, very long, has it been yours." They were shut only to confirm the vow by testimonies still more tender. The spell once dissolved, the scruples that had so greatly tormented me, vanished in a moment, and left me in a state in which moderation and forbearance become lessons as necessary to be taught, and as difficult to practise, as confidence and self reliance had been before."

We next quote from one of the striking and mysterious scenes which are so favourite with our author. A clue to the mystery is subsequently given, for which we refer our readers to the book itself.

My friend was seated, thoughtfully, at a window. On my opening the door, she raised her eyes. They were full of trouble and disquiet. Never, hitherto, had she cast such looks upon me. Familiarity, tenderness, and joy had flown. Solemnity, reserve, fear, were now strangely but significantly blended in her countenance.

I was astonished and chilled by her demeanour. I had not sufficient courage, though it had been my custom, to salute her. I seated myself in silence.

She at length spoke, but her faltering voice evinced how deeply she was agitated. She frequently stopped, looked at me, at one time with earnestness, at another with shuddering and trepidation.

"Unfortunate was the hour that I was born: disastrous and humiliating has been my life, but I have scarcely known misery till now." There she stopped, and, after an interval of unspeakable distress, resumed:

"Calvert! *Felix Calvert!* I have questions to ask, to which I conjure you to render me faithful answers. Will you?"

"I will."

"My good God! that voice! those looks! how could it be—yet, surely —." She covered her face and continued:

"When did you—when—did you arrive on these—at this place?"

I mentioned the month and day.

"And whence did you come last?"

From Burlington.

"How long had you resided *there*?"

"Ever since my infancy. All my life, till within the last half year, has been spent here and in Jersey."

Her surprise almost betrayed itself in a shriek. She conjured me to speak true, and repeated the question; to which I made the same answer.

She now apparently convinced, sunk into silence. She covered her eyes with her hands; sighs struggled from the bottom of her heart. I was utterly unable to account for these appearances. I partook of her confusion and sorrow.

At length she recovered sufficient composure to request me to withdraw. She wished to be alone. My presence gave her pain.

I was resolute. I was motionless. She repeated, with augmented vehemence, her request that I would leave her. I ventured at length to solicit an explanation of this scene; to ask, whither her inquiries tended; in what I had offended her?

She answered me by repeating her injunctions to leave her. I had offended in nothing. She only was to blame. She had been guilty of negligence, and folly, and rashness, never to be forgiven. From that moment, compassion to herself, justice to me demanded our eternal separation. Never more must she see my face.

Still I lingered in her presence, and renewed my entreaties to know the cause of this deportment. Still she declined any explanation; renewed with augmented vehemence, her assertions of the necessity of my leaving her; of my leaving her for ever.

At length in the midst of my interrogations, and my disclaimings of any intention to injure or displease her, she burst from me, and shut herself up in her chamber.

I was astonished! thunderstruck! petrified! I had no power, for a time, to leave the room or the house. I strove to awake from what I fondly deemed a fit of madness or an agonizing dream. Thus was I repulsed, cast off, banished, by two beings on whose good opinion my whole happiness reposed; whom I had, indeed, unknown to themselves, treated with meanness, rashness, and duplicity, but who had punished me, if for these offences, with far more severity than they deserved: but not for these offences had they punished me, but for guilt unreasonably imputed; for crimes which I had never committed.

Sir Walter Scott.—In our last No. we published a poem signed R. written by a gentleman whose memory we highly cherish, not only as a staunch friend, but also as a scholar, and man of long tested sincerity. His enthusiasm for the author of *Marmion* was unbounded: in 1820 he visited Scotland, as well for pleasure as business, and his admiration of Sir Walter Scott, led him to seek an interview with the poet, for the hospitable mansion of Abbotsford is always open to the stranger. His unsuccessful attempt is described in the following letter.

Melrose, 6th September, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to say that the object of my present jaunt has been in some degree disappointed. I called upon Sir Walter at his house in Edinburgh and found he had gone on to Abbotsford. I immediately got a good horse and chaise and went out—after passing through a most delightful country (i. e. a country with little fertility but many of the sterile and grand beauties of nature) I arrived at Galla chields—my horse began to give up a little, and I procured a fresh horse and a guide to Abbotsford.

Proceeding down "*Galla Water*," I crossed the Tweed at the junction of that little romantic stream with this celebrated river.—Going over the bridge my guide told me that a horse he had once, on crossing it, sprung over with him, being a leap of fifty feet.—We went on to Sir Walter's. I found his place most beautifully situated in a wild sequestered part of the Tweed. I drove down to the house (or I should say to the castle) and found only his son at home, (a beautiful black-eyed youth about fifteen) who replied to my queries with much politeness, and to my mortification informed me his father was at Jedburgh, having gone off this morning to attend the court. I followed his footsteps, determined to see him, down to this place, which I entered at 8, P. M. (quite dark.) I could not resist the temptation of seeing Melrose Abbey—the tomb of Michael Scott, and of

King Alexander, &c. &c. I went through all of them and had a complete, romantic and gloomy feast of the vault.—Upon leaving the ruins I was informed by Captain —, one of the Jury, who had left Jedburgh, that Sir Walter would be so much engaged with the advocates and lawyers that I would have no pleasure in his company, and invited me to wait his return.—I scrawl these few lines to you in the inn, and have not determined what to do. I am just going to write Sir Walter and must close my epistle—and will tell you all the rest when I see you.

Always dear —,

Your's truly,

J. C. R.

To — —, New York.

Since writing the above I have determined to remain here all night, and drive out to Sir Walter at Jedburgh, to-morrow.

Your's, J. C. R.

In the above letter, it is mentioned that he intended to address Sir Walter. He did so, but like most literary men, preferred rather to trust to memory for what he wrote, than be obliged to copy his correspondence; we are therefore unable to give our readers the contents of that letter; but of this we assure them, it spoke of Sir Walter, not only as the author of *Marmion*, but also of *Waverley*. The Baronet's reply follows:—

SIR,

I am favoured with your letter, which did not find me at Jedburgh, but was returned to this place. I am much flattered by the enthusiasm you express about the works I have been guilty of, and am very glad that in the solitary situation you describe they have served to amuse you when better were perhaps not to be had. You would probably have been somewhat disappointed, if you had succeeded in meeting with me, as I have very little of the man of letters about me, either in habits or conversation, and you would only have discovered, what time will only show you, that you had taken much trouble about a worthless object. Accept my best wishes for your health and prosperity and my thanks for the undeserved good opinion you are pleased to entertain of

Sir, your most obedient,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 10th Sept. 1820.

I sincerely hope that the labours of your graver moments, may be so successful as to enable you to devote much of your spare time to the cultivation of literature which always affords a harmless and honourable, and, generally, useful employment for such leisure as might otherwise lie heavy on your hands, or be wasted in less worthy pleasures. I am very far from blaming your enthusiasm, though it is perhaps in

the present instance less deservingly placed than it might have been.

I am, &c.

WALTER SCOTT.

We mentioned in a late No. that we had never expressed who the author of *Waverly* was, but rather thought the Scotch novels, the productions of a *literary club*; though the latter of our friend addressed to Sir Walter of which we have given a copy above, speaks of him as the author of *Waverly* as well as *Marmion*, he replies, "I am much flattered with the enthusiasm you express about the works I have been guilty of;" yet this is neither positively denying nor asserting that he was the author of *Waverly*, but maintaining the same mysterious language which has always characterized Sir Walter on the subject of these novels.

A few touches at St. Pierre. I have found more false reasoning and enthusiastic error in St. Pierre's *Studies of Nature* than in any of the works of the German Illuminati. His accuracy is by no means marvellous.

Study 1th. "Pocock who travelled in Egypt in 1737, attests that the Mediterranean has gained fully as much ground as it has lost."

Mons. St. Pierre must have known the above to be false, and ought not to have quoted it. Mons. St. Pierre does not know the dimensions of the Mediterranean; blundering most egregiously, he states that it is 1200 leagues long and 300 broad, whereas it is only 300 leagues long and not 100 broad.

"The ports of Marseilles, Carthage, Malta, Rhodes, &c. are still frequented by navigators, as they were in the remotest antiquity."

Mons. St. Pierre surely knew that Carthage has no longer a port and that there is no trade there.

Study 7th. "The black colour is a blessing of Providence to the inhabitants of tropical climates. *White* reflects the rays of the sun, and *black* absorbs them. The first accordingly redoubles his heat, and the second weakens it."

Now every school boy knows that the truth lies in the very reverse of this; for *black*, by absorbing the rays, redoubles the heat, and *white*, by reflecting them, weakens it.

"There are no races of dwarfs or of giants. All nations have been from the beginning, and still are, of the same stature. If

Polyphemus, lofty as a tower, ever existed, they must (in most soils) have sunk in the ground at every step they took."

Now if Polyphemus *did* ever exist, and if he was as high as a tower, his foot, in all probability was proportionably broad. Why have not the enormous pyramids sunk below their original level?

In this same *Study* Mons. St. Pierre advances great nonsense relative to animals of prey. "After all," says he, "what is their ferocity to us? Even supposing we were not provided with arms," &c. If Mons. St. Pierre had ever found himself in the fangs of a tiger or had ever been bitten by a rattle-snake, he would not have been quite so enthusiastic. It is an easy matter for a man in comfort and security to say "all is for the best."

"I do not believe there would have been an unwholesome spot on the earth if men had not put their hands to it."

If Mons. St. Pierre had been amongst the first settlers of Darien, (S. A.) he would have lived just long enough to have discovered his mistake. He reasons on antiquity with wretched weakness in this *Study*: he knew not or forgot the strongest proofs of his theory in the antiquity of the Pagodas of India and China, and the great temple at Thebes in Upper Egypt. It would have been better too, had he let the devils and the swine alone.

"The Law of Moses from its *privations* was evidently intended to be the law of a *particular people*; whereas that of the gospel from its universality must have been intended for the whole human race."

According to this reasoning the religion of the Deity is inferior to that of the Saviour.

Study 3th. "All men believe in the immortality of the soul." "There is scarcely an animal but exists by vegetables." He has a great deal of eloquent nonsense about a *cow*, which, by the by, is all wrong. The conclusion of this *Study* is on false and enthusiastic principles.

Study 9th. "The sun presents an apparent diameter of *six inches*." Where were Mons. St. Pierre's *eyes*? say *sixteen inches*, at least. "The life of man is more the result of all the moral adaptations than the nature of aliments." Mons. St. Pierre forgets that there is such a requisite for this as *constitution*.

Again. "The animals which live on plants, do they attain even the age of man? The deer and wild goats which feed on

the admirable vulnerable herbs of Switzerland, are very short lived."

Both of these animals, particularly the goat, *outlive* man.

"The size of the billows of the sea is always in proportion to its extent." Wonderful! the *greatest sea* on the globe obtained its name from its tranquillity, while the *little Baltic* is a raging fury. And now, Mons. St. Pierre may rest for the present. R.

Notice. I have this day sold my half of the proprietorship of the "*New-York Literary Gazette, and American Athenæum*," to Mr. James G. Brooks, and as the arrangement is mutually satisfactory, I trust that my personal friends will continue to patronize the establishment.

GEORGE BOND.

April 25, 1823

Notice. All letters on the business of this paper must be addressed to "*The Editor of the New-York Literary Gazette, and American Athenæum*." Agents and correspondents in the country are particularly requested to attend to this notice, and not to confound my private letters with my business letters. The agents throughout the union, will all be continued unless it is the wish of any one to withdraw.

JAMES G. BROOKS.

City subscribers who change their residence on the first of May, will be good enough to give notice at our office, previously to Wednesday noon, 3d of May.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUARRELLING.

I am surprised that among the many useful and entertaining subjects of Magazines, we do not find *quarrelling* discussed *pro* and *con*. Two good essays, I think, might be written on the subject, the one laying down rules and directions for quarrelling; the other more seriously telling us how to act in all possible cases of *quarrelling*. This subject is of universal importance. It concerns all mankind, for what man or woman is there alive who has not once at least being involved in a quarrel. And how often do we see the sweetest tempers soured by quarrels. Individuals, married couples, tradesmen, gentlemen and ladies, ministers of state, as well as of the gospel, all quarrel, all have their disputes and wranglings. Whenever a man is displeased, he quarrels with some person or thing, although perhaps neither the person or thing which has given the of-

fence. I know a man, who, when displeased abroad, is sure to quarrel at home; and another, who, when offended by a person to whom he cannot resent, always vents his quarrel on his servant, his dog, or his horse, as either may happen to be in his way. It was but the other day he was seen galloping his horse at a violent rate, whipping and spurring the poor animal most unmercifully. I knew the cause; he had just quarrelled with his landlord about a house, which the former would not part with on a long lease.

Quarrels are of various kinds: there is the *tiff*, the smallest degree of quarrelling; this is very common among married couples, and generally arises from some trifling circumstance, scarcely worth mentioning, and which both are ashamed afterwards to think of; such as a coat mislaid, too much butter on a toast, misplacing a corkscrew, differing about the size of a joint of meat, not enough of tea in the pot, or some other equally *weighty* cause of dispute. These produce the *tiff*, or as some call it the *miff*; the *tiff* does not always produce an open quarrel, because the good sense of one or other party generally interposes; but where this happened not to be the case, I have often known the *tiff* produce a downright, open quarrel. On such occasions I take my hat and walk off, knowing that to interpose between man and wife is always a useless attempt, and not unfrequently dangerous. I have also to observe, that although one *tiff* may not rise to a quarrel, yet two or more, particularly if they occur in the same day, or even in the same week, almost always produce a quarrel.

Next to a *tiff* which belongs to married pairs, is "*having some words*." This is peculiar to friends, whether real ones or only acquaintances. Whenever they begin "*to have words*," with one another, a quarrel is not a great way off, and indeed the farther off it is, so much the worse; for when two friends have *had words* and part without coming to an explanation, they are apt to recollect and dwell upon them in secret, magnify little heats into violent fevers, the *cold fit* of which returns on their meeting; they look black upon one another, and if some neutral person does not interpose his good offices, an irreparable quarrel is the consequence. Friends are apt to think themselves on a perfect level, and it is therefore very seldom that either will yield, or give way.

"Having words," among the ladies, generally produces a quarrel, for they cannot decide by the sword; and, having no weapon but the tongue, they part, without coming to a friendly explanation. Dr. Hawkesworth, gives us an excellently painted scene of this kind in the thirty-third number of the *Adventurer*; two sisters *tiffed* in company; they had "*had words*," and, in the progress of the dispute, they went from "*Sister*," to "*Miss Fan-*

ny," and from Miss Fanny to "*Madam*." The Doctor's observation here will bear a quotation. "As soon as the affectionate name of *sister* was dropped, and the ceremony of *Miss* supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness; but the word *Madam*, doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner those young ladies pass most of their hours together."

There are some people in the world who delight in tiffing and quarrelling. The most remarkable instance of this kind came to my knowledge lately. An old gentleman who had for many years been confined to his room by the gout and other infirmities, advertised for a servant to attend him. A likely young man, of sober character, and good morals, strongly recommended by his former masters, applied for this place. The old gentleman received him; and the servant, to be the more able to please his master, enquired of the house-keeper, &c. what kind of attendance his master required, and having got the necessary information, thought himself very happy in a good place. Next morning when the old gentleman rose, he found his breakfast furniture ready laid, his shoes ready, his wig, &c. and every thing he could possibly want, all in perfect order and at hand. Immediately on this he called his new servant, and told him, "he would not do for him." Alarmed at this, the poor fellow "begged to know if he had offended him, and hoped any little mistake on his first day would be excused."—"No," answered the old gentleman, "I have no fault to find with you, but you will not do for me. I have been confined for some years to this room; I dress and undress as if I could go out; and all the satisfaction I have long had, has been in ringing my bell repeatedly, and quarrelling with my servants for one blunder or other. You have brought every thing I want, and therefore I should lose my constant occupation."

Men like these must be allowed to enjoy their humour. But I believe, the general opinion of mankind is rather in favour of peace and harmony; and, if I might be permitted to close this letter with a few advices on the subject, I should suggest the following:

There are in this world, really and truly, very few things worth quarrelling about; and a quarrel once begun however trifling the original cause, is so apt to extend to unwarrantable and even criminal lengths, that every person ought to be cautious, and keep a watch over his tongue and actions. *Tiffs* may appear trifling, but the more violently people quarrel about trifles, the more they expose the weakness of their understandings, and consequently

sink in each other's esteem. Friendship is a plant of rare growth: it must be tenderly cultivated, for there is perhaps no root so deep as not to be struck at by repeated efforts. The romantic, unremovable friendship of poetry is not to be met with in this world. It is not calculated for the common soil, and all that the best can expect, is to be beloved while they appear amiable.

And it is observed, that we are most apt to quarrel when most out of temper, we ought to aim at an equanimity of temper, a temper not easily ruffled, and above all, a temper superior to little things. If we cultivate benevolence to mankind, if we feel the infirmity of human nature in ourselves, we will be apt to pity it in others. The man or woman of peevish temper, may be morally and intellectually good in other respects—and none can tell whence an irritable temper may proceed. Disease, adversity, large intercourse with mankind, and many other circumstances give a bias to the temper which it would be unjust to censure, since who can tell but it might be his own case in like circumstances? meekness and humility, in all disputes will prevail. It is not he who contests a matter vigorously that is the superior—he who yields up what is of no consequence to keep, in order to end a quarrel, is the superior mind; and cool reflection will make even his antagonist acknowledge as much.

CANOVA AND NAPOLEON.

In 1803, Canova visited Paris, for the purpose of executing a statue of Napoleon; and, in the course of his residence in France, enjoyed a very familiar intercourse with the Emperor.

Various and highly interesting conversations were maintained between Napoleon and Canova, during the abode of the latter in Paris. The substance of these dialogues, so full of interest, from the celebrity of the speakers, is still preserved, having been noted at the time by the step-brother of the artist, by whom he was constantly attended. Buonaparte, himself a man of consummate abilities, delighted in the converse of men of genius, to whose frankness and independence he permitted liberties of speech unpardonable in any of his mere courtiers. Our ingenious artist was not one to suffer the privilege of fearlessly declaring the truth, or of pleading the cause of the oppressed, to remain unclaimed.—A lover of peace from humanity of disposition, while he possessed the almost universal temperament of high intellect—an attachment to liberty—he seized every opportunity of appealing in favour of both; more especially he insisted, with amiable enthusiasm, on the past glory of Italy, and on the expediency—the justice of restoring her to independence. In such political conversations, we must admire the prudence and sagacity conspicuous in his conduct. These were always introduced by

Napoleon, Canova seeming merely to allow his replies to be elicited; for he possessed too much good sense to obtrude his opinion in matters of which, from his previous habits and pursuits, the extent of his knowledge might be questioned. Unwelcome truths thus came with greater propriety from one who had no interest to forward—no vanity to gratify in declaring them, and acquired additional weight as they were in part unexpected. His auditor, struck by the novelty or veracity of some remark, would often stop him for some moments, then motion him to proceed, muttering, half aside, "*Buono, buonissimo, non siete solamente scultore;*"—"Good, very good, that is not the saying of a mere sculptor." It was not, however, always with calmness that Buonaparte, at such times, listened to observations which went near to implicate the integrity of his actions, or the humanity of his views.—"Come!" "how!" he would exclaim, "*Citizen Canova, parlate senza tema,*"—"you speak without fear."—"Parlo da nom sincero,"—"I speak without flattery," was the laconic and unperturbed reply. These conversations chiefly took place while the Consul sat for his bust. On one of these occasions, the first sketch of the intended statue was shown to him: not seeing in this design any arms among the accessories, "How is this?" said he, playfully addressing the artist; "Citizen Canova, there must be a plot against me.—you have left me without defence."—"No Sire, replied the sculptor, pointing out the parazonium suspended on the trunk which supports the figure, "I have only hung up the sheathed sword, in sign of that peace to which the wishes of all good men have long inclined."

Buonaparte was distinguished above most men by felicity in discerning the peculiar talent of others, and by address in eliciting from their acquirements useful intelligence. With a great artist, therefore, he would not, as may be supposed, constantly talk of politics. The best modes of embellishing the capital—the measures most effective in promoting the fine arts—the proper arrangement of a national gallery, formed the frequent subject of their discourse. On all of these points Canova was capable of giving new and valuable information, and on each he freely communicated his thoughts: the last, indeed, often led to animated expression of feeling. Too zealous for the honour of his country, as also too ardent an admirer of antiquity, not to lament the removal of those wonders of art which had so long adorned the clime and inspired the genius of Italy,—he was too ingenuous to conceal his indignant sentiments, even from the man whose power had sanctioned that outrage. Thus, by the particular desire of Napoleon, he examined the *Musée* of the Louvre, for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements could be effected in the disposition

of those *chef d'œuvres*, which had recently been transported from their former sites to that superb collection. Being then asked by the Consul, "Whether they were not judiciously arranged?" he answered with admirable brevity, "*certo starano meglio in Italia,*"—they certainly were better placed in Italy."

In France, under the revolutionary and imperial systems, the causes which influenced the fate of the arts seems to have been altogether political,—or even originating in the desire of personal aggrandisement, than springing from the primary objects of national advantage, and the general improvements of taste. Whether as Consul or Emperor, the founder of the late dynasty encouraged painting, sculpture, and also architecture, as means of throwing around his administration a splendour which dazzled the minds of beholders, and prevented a too close inspection of their own condition. Canova used to represent him as possessing little original refinement, and not much acquired knowledge in the arts. But his designs connected with these were traced on the same magnificent scale which distinguished all his operations; while in carrying these plans into effect he selected with acute and unbiassed judgment the most enlightened conductors. With their determination as regarded the details he never interfered. They were subsequently left to the free exercise of their skill, with the comprehensive mandate, "*Faire le meilleur, et à la manière la plus grande.*"

A GO-BETWEEN.

Among all the motley characters that make their appearance upon the variegated stage of human existence, there is none more truly despicable, none upon whose shrinking shoulders the lash of satire may be more meritoriously applied than your gentleman-gossip.

Prowling through public avenues, lounging at the corners of streets, eaves-dropping, like owls at twilight, and haunting like spectres every barber's shop or other place of general resort—with elongated ears and slippery tongues; it would seem that the bodies and souls of these he-tattlers were nourished and sustained solely by the mature powers of the pendent and springy organs aforesaid.

The genuine Go-between may be immediately directed by the two following infallible characteristics: 1, a parasitical sympathy, an affirmative acquiescence, in all propositions whatsoever: especially at the moment of their utterance, and in presence of their authors: 2, an adroit mode of transposing or exaggerating the sentiments thus gathered; and of conveying the mutilated version to individuals of opposite opinions, by way of suggestion, query, insinuation, admonition, or otherwise.

It is imagined that the advantages arising

to society from the labours of this species of tale-bearers, are manifold. They serve to purify public morals, by exciting that freedom of conversation which results from the absence of suspicion; they induce the most satisfactory interchange of political or religious views; thus tending to the diffusion of profitable information, to the disclosure of private motives, to the regulation of human conduct, and to the enhancement of that general knowledge of the character of man which is at all times so vastly beneficial.

By adopting a seeming coincidence of thought, and by cunning and profound management, a perfect adept in the science of dissimulation may not only draw forth your most valuable mental secrets; but array them in new and unknown colors at every succeeding exhibition that he chooses to make. You will hear of their repetition in unimagined shapes, and in all sorts of editions. Your language, thus disguised, or rather improved, is at length communicated to some opponent; who is, of course, provoked in reply, to open his heaviest artillery in an attempt to batter down your reputation; this again is duly reverberated with additional modulations, through the speaking trumpet of the industrious and *disinterested* informer; so, that, if it be any gratification, as it is often said, to *know the worst* of a matter, you must be doubly gratified in learning worse than the worst!

Herein is the true mystery of much social mischief: a sanctimonious, sap-tongued babler overhears somewhat that his prejudice forthwith magnifies into hostility towards some particular personage, straightway, burning with anxious zeal for the preservation of private fame and of public order, he flies to the party implicated, and imparts the substance of this fancied scandal, with an injunction not to betray its agent. "If such and such assertions were made, I pronounce them false," indignantly answers the accused. This is enough for a foundation. The Go-between sneaks back, reiterates the denunciation, omitting the conditional prefix. "Mr. Grubbers says your assertion is false; but don't quote *me* in the case; I wish to avoid all quarrels."—"Does he? the scoundrel! Well, well, I'll twig him by and by." Now the spark kindles into a flame, business increases *ad infinitum*; implacable enmity is established between men who were primarily disposed to be friends; and finally, the whole community becomes involved in a tempest of strife, and disputation, "scattering fire brands, arrows, and death."

During these glorious operations, you may discern their innocent and unmoved instigator, standing aloof with folded arms and wonder-stricken phiz, heartily enjoying the spectacle, and marvelling among the by-standers what the plague it all means?

Formerly there were statutes ordained and punishments contrived against gossips of the feminine gender, and many a goody of olden times, hath been sorely pickled in a horse-pond for prating of her neighbours; but your modern male gabbler may exercise his vocation with impunity, his ears remain unclipped, and no law authorizeth the sewing up of his mouth. Verily his conscience must be the most elastic article in creation; it would seem to be accommodated with a sort of peristaltic property, to-day contracted, to-morrow relaxed, according to contingencies. But the most unaccountable circumstance in the premises, is the apparent delight which some men enjoy in the contemplation of those disturbances produced by their proneness to babble in matters not concerning themselves; and to intermeddle with subjects either beyond their comprehension, or placed entirely out of their own proper sphere. Can it be, that these hypocritical busy-bodies expect to evade scrutiny into their own conduct; or to excuse chastisement, under cover of the whirlwind which they endeavor to raise? In whatever rank they may move, and in what garb soever they may be clothed, let them be marked!—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

THE CONVENIENCE OF A SCOLDING WIFE.

Habet sua fulmina Juno.

I was lately amusing myself with perusing the History of France, and could not help stopping, on there meeting with the words of my motto, which Christina of France caused to be engraved on the cannon cast by her order; the English of which is, *Juno has her thunder.* Thoughts sometimes strike us very oddly, and though we are often sensible of the absurdity of them, yet we find it a very difficult task to get rid of those objects which have once made a strong impression on our minds. I have long been a married man, and, if my vanity does not deceive and betray me, I think I possess common sense; which the respect I receive from the generality of company I engage in, in my own opinion at least, serve to confirm my conceit. I cannot help comparing myself to Jupiter, and consequently must allow my wife the honorable title of Juno. That Juno has her thunder is by no means to be disputed; and, I think, Christina might have added, her lightning too. As lightning always precedes the thunder, so the flashes of my Juno's eyes always, and invariably announce to me an approaching peal, which frequently bursts over my head with all the musical uproar of the spheres. Frequently, when I return home rather too late in the evening, and perhaps in that hour in which the queen of night and Aurora struggle for the victory; if I see a gloom on the countenance of my Juno, I can then foretell with as much certainty as the most experienced adventurer on the

ocean, that a storm is gathering, which, if I do not use proper means to disperse, soon rises to a tempest; the cloud becomes speedily more dense, the lightning darts from her eyes, and the thunder soon rolls with an impetuosity that terrifies all the neighbourhood. As those who live in hot climates, are accustomed to storms and tempests, think no more of them as soon as they are over, so my Juno's thunder no sooner ceases than I retire to my bed, with as much pleasure and satisfaction as does the wearied mariner after he has struggled with the fury of contending elements. As a hollow and distant murmuring of the wind is often heard at sea after the storm is abated, so for some time after my Juno's thunder is ceased I hear inarticulate sounds of a plaintive kind, which rattle among the curtains, and disturb my repose for a while; but these gradually die away, and yield to the influence of Morpheus. I have heard some people boast, even after they had been married some years, that all had been love and harmony between them and their Junos, and that no rude wind of contention had ever ruffled the serene horizon of their love; but surely such a state must have been very insipid, and I cannot help here quoting the words of that justly admired writer. Pope:

"Better for us, perhaps it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all concord here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life."

Such is my natural disposition, that were my days to glide away in an uninterrupted series of tranquillity and repose, I fear I should sink into a supineness, and forget every duty incumbent on me to perform; but this is morally and physically prevented by the thunder of my Juno, which rouses me, as it were, from a state of lethargy, and makes me sensible of the sweets of repose after the storm is over. As I am singularly fond of music, and a bass voice particularly delights me, I often listen with rapture to the chants of my Juno, who frequently carries her voice to so high a pitch, as places it beyond the power of any musical instrument to follow her. Those, indeed, who are fond of soft and plaintive notes, will not much admire the notes of my Juno, which is, like Handel's, both bold and loud; and it has been by some people compared rather to the uproar of a full organ, than to the sweet harmony of a single pipe. After all that may have been said of those affable and delicate Junos, who never open their lips but to breathe out the soft and tender whispers of love, which rather lull mankind to sleep, than rouse them to an active and manly life; give me a Juno, who, like a noun substantive, may be seen, heard, and understood.

JUPITER.

In the complicated and marvellous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that preceded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards distant from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel, and the ribbon, but where the connexion has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year seventeen hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year seventeen hundred and thirty-two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst. An ancient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection: I have lost my money, and with it my cares; for when I was rich, I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent, as he would be, that exacted more than his due from his debtors, and paid less than their due to his creditors.

Ladies of Fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

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JAMES G. BROOKS,

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